SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

WITH
UKULELE
ACCOMPANIMENT

by
IRVING KING

HARMS
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NEW YORK

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A DELIGHTFULLY MELODIOUS ENCORE SONG

WISHIN'-WAITIN'

Words and Music by
BERNARD K. MATHER
and JOSEPH H. TONER

Refrain

a tempo. *p*

Wish - in', wait - in' heart just break - in',

a tempo. *p* R.H. L.H. R.H. L.H. R.H. R.H.

ten.

Sweet - heart how I miss you! My

accel. e cresc.

Soul on fire, my one de - sire, With

accel. e cresc.

frit

burn - ing lips to kiss you!

frit *sfz*

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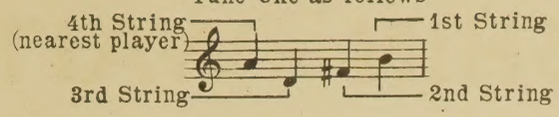
UPB

Show Me The Way To Go Home

Tune Uke as follows



by IRVING KING

Fox-trot moderato, with a good swing

Piano

f

sf

Ukulele arr. by Chas. N. Grant

Till ready

p

p rhythmic

When I'm hap - py, when I'm hap - py, sing - ing all the while,
Old King Cole was a mer - ry old scul, and a mer - ry old soul was he, He
I don't need no - bod - y then to show me how to
call'd for his wine and he call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his fid - dle - r's

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smile. When I've been out on the spree,
three. When they'd had a high old time,

tod - dling down the street, With this lit - tle
all the whole night thro' What was it that

mel - o - dy ev - 'ry - one I greet.
King Cole said and his fid - dlers too?

Refrain

p-f

Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to

p-f

bed, I had a lit - tle drink a - bout an hour a - go, And it's

gone right to my head. Where - ev - er I may roam, On

land, or sea, or foam, You can al - ways hear me sing - ing this song,

Show me the way to - go home. home.

sf D.S.

EXTRA VERSES

1.

Miss Fitzimmon went in swimmin'
Early one Summer morn,
She took a dip and she heard a rip
And she knew her suit was torn.
She stayed 'till the change of tide
Took the water out,
When no longer she could hide.
She began to shout:

(*Chorus*)

2.

At a ball game where they all came
Just to see Babe Ruth swat,
The bases three were full and he
Stepped out to take a shot.
Three balls and two strikes he heard,
On the next he fould,
Then the guy who stood on third
Cleared his throat and howled:

(*Chorus*)

3.

My friend Jack went to the track
And a big bank roll he bet,
He bet upon a horse named Don
And the darn thing's running yet.
He was forty miles from town,
As the pigeons fly,
He put his last dollar down
And began to cry:

(*Chorus*)

4.

Mamie Flynn went riding in
A stranger's motor car,
He tried to kiss this charming Miss,
But he never got that far,
She hit him an awful smack,
They were ten miles out,
And as she was walking back,
He could hear her shout:

(*Chorus*)

5.

Mister Wright came home one night
Quite unexpectedly,
And in his house he caught his spouse
With her affinity,
As the husband's gun was pressed
To his rival's head,
He said "Make your last request"
And the stranger said:

(*Chorus*)

6.

Mister Devil to the level
Came from down below,
The first night he went up to see
The Ziegfeld Follies show,
When the dollies danced about
Dressed so scantily,
He got up and shouted out:
"It's too hot for me."

(*Chorus*)

7.

Buying drinks a lot of ginks
Gathered in a swell cafe,
A Scotchman who had quite a few,
Was feeling rather gay;
He kept drinking with each guy
As the hours fled,
When it came his time to buy,
He stepped up and said:

(*Chorus*)

8.

Jack McCann once took a man
Up in his aeroplane,
He looped the loop then made a swoop
And looped the loop again.
His friend paled and mopped his brow,
Then the flyer cried—
What else can I show you now,
And his friend replied:

(*Chorus*)

ANOTHER EXCELLENT CADMAN NUMBER

THE SHADOWLESS HOUR

Words by
NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

Music by
CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN
Op. 84, No. 1

Andantino con moto

Piano

ff

rit.

mf

Stand still for - ev - er, gold - en sun, At this high

a tempo

mf *molto legato*

noon of our de - light, Turn

not this glo - ry in - to af - ter - noon, The

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A SONG SUCCESS BIGGER THAN "MEMORY LANE"

JUST A COTTAGE SMALL

(BY A WATERFALL)

Words by
B. G. DE SYLVA

Music by
JAMES F. HANLEY

Refrain *molto tranquillo*

mp mp p p

Just a cot - tage small by a wa - ter-fall, At the clos - ing of the day; With some one to wait by a

mp mp molto tranquillo pp p p

gar - den-gate Who will charm your troub-les a - way, Be it hum - ble and all tum-ble down, If there's

cresc. cresc.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES"

JUNE BROUGHT THE ROSES

Words by
RALPH STANLEY

Music by
JOHN OPENSHAW

Refrain *Slow with expression*

mp-f

June brought the ros - es so fra - grant with dew, June brought the sun-beams, and when they peeped through,

mp-f

con passione *poco accel.*

Song-birds were sing - ing, Mel - o - dies ring - ing, Bid - ding the world love a - new; There in Love

cresc.

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